

What if: Part III

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What if: Part III

by [the_link_dock](#)

Summary

Will gets an intervention and has a minor breakdown.

TW: self-harm, detailed description of self-harm results, cuts, cutting, and being found out

Notes

See the end of the work for [notes](#)

Will hadn't been nervous when Jack Crawford called him and asked him to go to his office.

When he got there and saw Alana and Hannibal waiting there *with* Jack, Will became suspicious.

After Will's awkward dinner with Hannibal, and the man asked him to essentially take off his shirt, Will left in a huff, ignoring that he probably shouldn't have been driving after drinking wine and whiskey.

Hannibal had been surprisingly quiet about it in the following days.

Will was an *idiot* to believe that was the end of the topic.

Stupid.

Will hadn't stopped cutting.

Stupid. Stupid. Idiot!

His upper arms were sore and mutilated, so Will decided to give them a break and move back to his legs.

His thighs were a mess of scars and scabs, so after realising (through trial and error) that his thighs were not a viable option, he'd taken to cutting his ankles and calves.

They stung and ached and made his eyes tear up when he walked, so he mainly focused on his ankles.

Besides, the cuts were easily concealed by his socks.

Will stood in the door way and kept his face blank while he stared at the floor by where Alana was sitting in an armchair.

"What's this? An ambush?" Will asked, lightly joking to hide his discomfort and anxiety.

He could practically *taste* Alana's sympathy and fought off a grimace.

"Think of it more as an intervention," Hannibal said.

Will gave a self-deprecating smile, "That's not necessary."

Jack growled, "Skip the small talk. Dr. Lecter has brought some concerns to my attention. He says you have self-destructive tendencies."

Will grit his teeth in an imitation of a smile. "His *concerns* are unfounded. He has no proof and this is hardly a professional discussion."

Jack sighed but Alana interjected before the man could say anything, "Will, we care about you. We're worried and—I've noticed some destructive habits of yours."

Will snorted and looked at the three of them, “Name four.”

Jack glared at him and Will turned to the side. He was acting like a *stupid fucking child*.

“Will, I need to make sure you aren’t a threat to yourself or others,” Jack said with actual remorse.

Will figured it was because if Will *was* hurting himself, he’d be taken out of the field.

“I’m not. Are we done? Can I go now? I do have an *actual* job.” Will pointedly glanced at Alana and Jack, content with ignoring Hannibal for the time being.

Jack shook his head, “We need visible proof. Dr. Lecter has suspicions of where the...*injuries* would be. Show us they aren’t there, and we’ll drop the subject permanently.”

Will frowned, “I reserve the right to say no. I’m not going to show you my ass just because that’s where *Dr. Lecter* suspects there to be cuts there.”

Hannibal’s lips quirked up as Jack nodded, “That’s a fair enough condition. If it isn’t too invasive, or if you have a valid reason, we will skip it. Deal?”

Will sighed heavily and crossed his arms over his chest. “If I say no?”

Jack frowned and nearly glared, “Then we take you to a hospital forcibly.”

Will jut his chin out and swallowed before nodding, “Alright. Fine, just get it over with.”

“Thank you, Will. We’re not here to judge you,” Alana said quietly.

Jack glanced at her before nodding to Hannibal, “Dr. Lecter.”

Hannibal looked Will up and down and his gaze settled on his legs. Specifically, his ankles.

Will swallowed and shifted his weight.

Fuck. He should’ve said no. He should’ve left. Why did he even answer Jack’s call?

Stupid idiot. Stupid, stupid.

Hannibal cleared his throat and took a breath before speaking, “I suspect his upper arms and thighs are close to mutilation and his lower legs have fresh cuts.”

Will felt his stomach drop and he looked at Jack, “So, what I’m supposed to do? Strip? I’m not doing that.”

Jack snorted despite the situation, “Show us your arms or legs and we’ll be good.”

Will felt his face heat up, “I don’t want to take off my shirt.”

Jack huffed, “Then show us your damn legs.”

Will chewed the inside of his cheek, “I’m not wearing underwear.”

That was a lie.

Jack slammed his fist on the table, “Dammit, Graham you have to show us something!”

“Well, maybe if I’d been notified of this *strip search*, I would’ve been prepared!” Will fired back.

He didn’t like serial killers, but he prayed someone would get murdered soon so he could leave.

“Will, it’s okay, there’s nothing to be scared of,” Alana said gently.

Will snorted and rolled his eyes, “Easy for you to say. You don’t have to expose yourself.”

“What would you be exposing, Will?” Hannibal probed, resting his chin in his hand.

Will glared at him. “My dick.”

Jack flashed a smirk before wiping it off his face, “This is serious, Graham!”

“*I’m* serious, Jack!”

“How about this,” Hannibal interjected. He glanced towards Alana.

“Alana, if you would please stand up. Will, if you would sit where Alana was,” Hannibal extended his arm to Alana’s vacant seat which was positioned next to Hannibal’s.

“Why the *hell* would I do that?” Will asked, not moving even when Alana stood up and moved closer to Jack to give Will space.

Hannibal gave a placating smile, “If you can look Jack in the eye and tell him that you are not self-harming, without faltering, I’ll drop the subject.”

Jack stared at Hannibal, “What—Dr. Lecter—!”

Hannibal held a hand up to silence Jack and kept his stare on Will.

Will knew this was some kind of a trap, but couldn’t figure out how. It’s not like Hannibal could strip him while he was talking to Jack.

That’d be a *major* HR complaint.

“Fine.”

Will walked towards the desk and kept his eyes trained on Jack’s name plate while he sat down.

He bit his lip and looked at Jack’s chin before sucking in a breath and lifting his gaze to meet Jack’s.

“Jack, I’m not—Jesus, *fuck!*” Will flinched and grabbed Hannibal’s wrist to try and stop the man from squeezing his thigh.

He could feel scabs splitting and his eyes stung.

“Wh—What the *fuck!?*”

Hannibal stared into his eyes when Will looked at him and Will could feel Hannibal’s smugness.

Hannibal lifted his hand from Will’s leg and looked down. His blue jeans were dotted with dark stains that were slowly spreading.

Alana covered her mouth and Jack had to stand up to see it.

“You mother*fuck*er!”

Will lunged at Hannibal but the man grabbed onto Will’s upper arms and Will cried out.

Hannibal placed Will back in his chair but kept his hands braced on Will’s arms in case he acted out again.

Shit. This was not good. Fuck, he was an idiot!

Will felt tears slip down his face at the burn and glared at Hannibal’s neck.

“Is this enough proof to warrant an order for Will to become an in-patient under my care.”

Will’s hands clutched Hannibal’s elbows, squeezing in a vain effort to get the man to let go.

Jack pursed his lips, “Technically, I need visual proof of injuries.”

Hannibal nodded and turned back to stare into Will’s eyes.

“Is this enough to warrant a non-consensual ‘strip-search’, as Will called it.”

Jack winced and Will silently heaved as he tried to calm down. “If there’s reasonable cause, such as an injury.”

Will glared, “Don’t you f—fucking *dare*.”

Hannibal moved his hands to show blood seeping through Will’s shirt sleeves.

“If this enough proof for reasonable cause?”

Jack grimaced and Will looked at him, silently begging him to deny.

“That’s enough.”

Hannibal didn’t unbutton Will’s shirt.

He *ripped* it open.

Alana gasped and Will grabbed at Hannibal's wrists to stop him.

"Don't—" Will couldn't force himself to say anything.

This had to be a dream. He should've stayed home. He needs to get out.

Will stared at Hannibal with wide eyes and saw everything.

Hannibal was enjoying this.

Hannibal was enjoying this.

Not that Will was hurting himself, but that Hannibal had been the only one to *see* it.

See, see?

Will had on a white undershirt, so Hannibal had not moral issue with tearing his flannel down off his shoulders until it was only covering his forearms.

Will squeezed his eyes shut and tried to stop shaking.

Will could picture what they were seeing. *His skin torn open. Blood beading from his cuts. Rows of neatly sliced skin that varied in width and length.*

Will spent hours staring at his cuts, he knew what they were seeing.

And yet, with his eyes shut he could pretend it wasn't real.

He needed to get away from here.

He needed an escape.

He needed to cut.

He felt hands close around his wrists.

He heard talking around him and a voice in his ear, but he couldn't understand what was being said.

The words sounded jumbled and foreign.

Will retreated into the depths of his mind. *This was all a dream. It'd be over when he woke up.*

If only.

End Notes

i'm not doing so good, but this kinda helped.

stay safe, readers <3

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